

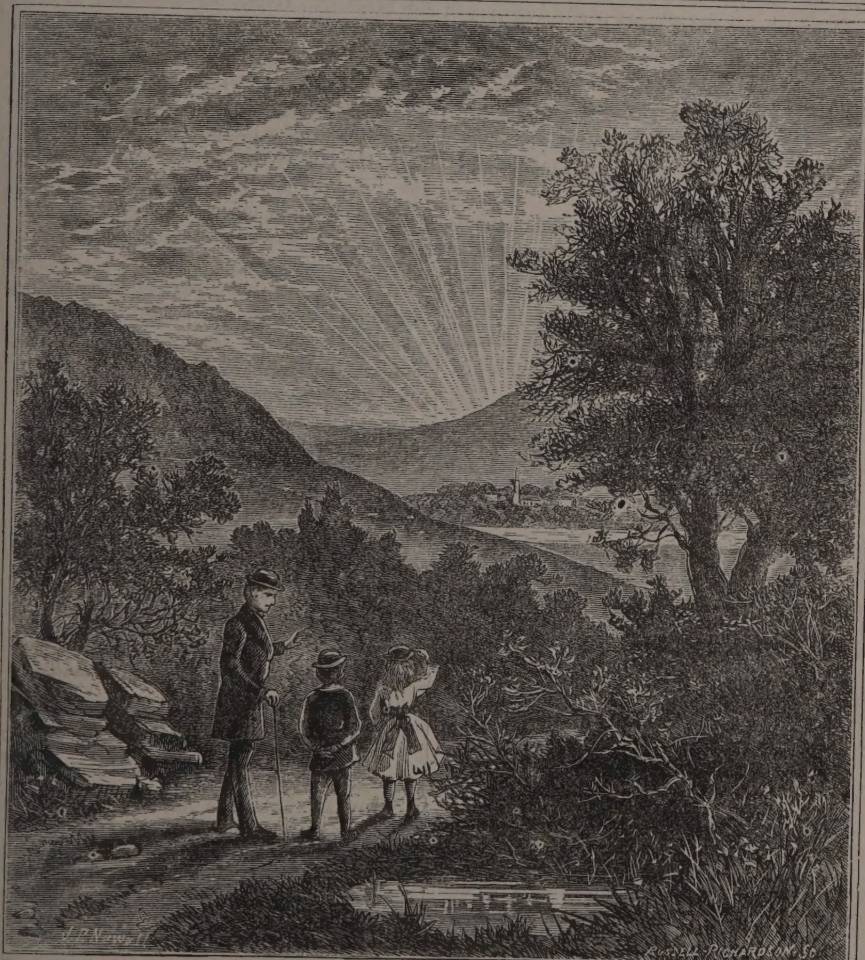
THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. }
Vol. XXIII. }

JANUARY, 1872.

{ NEW SERIES.
{ Vol. I. No. 1.



GREETING.

THE DAYSPRING comes with the new year to greet its young readers. It has for them the warmest affection; and, as it wishes them "A Happy New Year," it speaks right out of its heart.

This wish is not simply one for a day, nor one merely of words. THE DAYSPRING means to keep on wishing the best of enjoyment for the young, and means to follow up its words by doing all it can to help them to that enjoyment.

It is confident of receiving from them a most cordial welcome, and it already hears them saying back, "Many, very many happy New Years to you!" And so, conscious of loving and being loved, it enters upon its work in gladness of heart.

OUR NAME.

THERE are many ways of expressing the commencement of day. Some of the words used for this purpose are very beautiful, not only on account of their sound and meaning, but because of the delightful associations connected with them. Morning, the dawn, day-peep, daybreak, dayspring, — the very words seem full of light. Each brings up, perhaps, a somewhat different picture; but the pictures all glow with life and beauty.

These words are also used in another sense. The beginning of life is much like the beginning of the day: so we speak of the morning of life. The first getting of knowledge, in its effect upon the mind, is so like the first glimmerings of day, that we speak of it as the dawn of the understanding.

The reception, into our hearts, of the precious truths that Jesus brought us, filling us with light and life from heaven, we may call the dayspring of the soul.

In the Book of Job we read: "Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days; and caused the dayspring to know his place?" Here, the beginning of the common day is referred to. But when we read in Luke what Zacharias said, "Whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness," the dawning of a common day is not meant. John the Baptist, the forerunner of Jesus, is the "dayspring," because he heralds the coming of Jesus to be the light of men. John is the dawn; Jesus, the sun which brings the full day.

We hope our young readers now see the appropriateness of the name, THE DAYSPRING, which has been selected for this magazine. They are in the dawn of life, and the magazine would be to them the dawn of light. It would lead them to Jesus, who is the light of the world. May it be indeed a "dayspring" to them all!

PRESERVE YOUR NUMBERS.

THE twelve numbers of THE DAYSPRING, the whole series for the year, will make a very pretty volume when bound. We shall give with the December number a handsome titlepage, and a table of contents.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

How many shall we have? Will not all our readers help to increase the number? THE DAYSPRING is the cheapest magazine in the country. We wish to get all the help we can to make it the best. The more generous the support it receives, the brighter it will become.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL GAZETTE.

WHEN the last number of the "Gazette," Dec. 15, was issued, had we known that the next issue of our little publication would be under a different form and title, we should have announced the fact, and have bid farewell to the old name, to which we, as well as our many readers, had become attached. The change of name seemed desirable, because the word "Gazette" no longer expressed the idea embodied in our periodical; and when the matter was discussed the decision was to drop the whole title, and have a shorter and more suggestive one.

The "Gazette" was first published in Worcester, Aug. 7, 1849, under the direction of the Worcester Sunday School Society, and owed its existence to the action taken by the ministerial associations of Worcester County. The Rev. E. E. Hale, then a minister in Worcester, was its first editor. He expressed in the first number the "hope that this paper may have enough of the simplicity of the Gospel, enough of its cheerfulness, enough of its tenderness, that it may have enough of Jesus' trust in the young, enough of his devotion to them, enough of the spirit of his kingdom, to attract them, in its poor way, to him and to his cross; and to persuade them, even in their early years, not to leave that kingdom of which they are."

It may seem to our readers that the little magazine now in their hands, looking so different and bearing another name, is not the "Gazette." But they must remember that it was not the shape of the paper, the size of the type, or the name, that made the "Gazette." The spirit that lived in it was the real Sunday School Gazette; and that same spirit continues to live, though the body in which it lives be called by another name. Those words of Mr. Hale, expressing the desire of the friends of the "Gazette," are just

as good and true now, though it is called the "Dayspring."

The "Gazette" was published under the direction of the Worcester society till 1855. The Sunday School Society, having reorganized in 1854, the Worcester society transferred the "Gazette" to the larger organization. Up to that time it had been edited chiefly by Revs. E. E. Hale and Francis Le Baron. The Rev. S. G. Bulfinch then became its editor. The Rev. Warren H. Cudworth succeeded him in 1856. Early in 1861 he joined the army as chaplain of the First Regiment, and friends carried on his work at home. Mr. Joseph H. Allen, the present publisher of the "Schoolmate," commenced to edit the "Gazette" the latter part of the year 1861, and continued editor till 1865. Rev. T. J. Mumford was then editor one year. James P. Walker succeeded him. He labored zealously in the Sunday School cause till his death, in March, 1868. The Rev. L. J. Livermore was chosen Secretary of the Sunday School Society in October of that year, and took charge of the "Gazette," editing it till nearly the close of the year just gone.

It will be seen that the "Gazette" has been in the hands of good and able men from the beginning. Thousands of its readers, many of them now grown into manhood or womanhood, can testify of the good it has done. May it under the new name carry on the good work with increasing success.

For The Dayspring.

THE WINCHESTER "GOOD-WILL CLUB."

THIS Club takes in all members of the school who wish to do good and get good. It has a few permanent officers to keep things in order, but does most of its work by special committees which are appointed from time to time. In this way a greater number

of children are kept busy. Even in a very small town the Club finds plenty of work to do. It has a Flower Committee, who decorate the pulpit every Sunday, and send bouquets to sick people in town, or to hospitals out of town. The business of another committee is to visit the sick children and do something to cheer them up. Others get up written newspapers, and furnish entertainments at the vestry to amuse the old and the young. The Singing Class gives all the members opportunities to practise sacred music. The Drawing Class is open to all, whether members of the Club or not, and is really a free drawing school. The Class in Literature meets at the pastor's study once a fortnight, and spends a pleasant evening in talking of some particular author, and reading the best things he has written. Then the Club started, and is still carrying on, a Free Sewing School, where all the children of Winchester who cannot learn to sew at home can come and be taught.

Once there was a man who gave his son a club, and said to him: "Wherever you see a head, hit it." So in Winchester they give the children this "Good-Will Club," and say to them: "Wherever you see a chance to do any good, do it."

A HINT TO GRUMBLERS.

"WHAT a noisy world this is!" croaked an old frog, as he squatted on the margin of the pool. "Do you hear those geese, how they scream and hiss? What do they do it for?"

"Oh, just to amuse themselves," answered a little field mouse.

"Presently we shall have the owls hooting; what is that for?"

"It's the music they like the best," said the mouse.

"And those grasshoppers; they can't go home without grinding and chirping; why do they do that?"

"Oh, they're so happy they can't help it," said the mouse.

"You find excuses for all; I believe you don't understand music, so you like the hideous noises."

"Well, friend, to be honest with you," said the mouse, "I don't greatly admire any of them; but they are all sweet in my ears, compared with the constant croaking of a frog."

THE ACCURATE BOY.

THERE was a young man once in the office of a western railway superintendent. He was occupying a position that four hundred boys in that city would have wished to get. It was honorable, and "it paid well," besides being in the line of promotion. How did he get it? Not by having a rich father, for he was the son of a laborer. The secret was his beautiful accuracy. He began as an errand-boy, and did his work accurately. His leisure time he used in perfecting his writing and arithmetic. After a while he learned to telegraph. At each step his employer commended his accuracy, and relied on what he did because it was just right.

And it is thus with every occupation. The accurate boy is the favored one. Those who employ men do not wish to be on the lookout, as though they were rogues or fools. If a carpenter must stand at his journeyman's elbow to be sure that his work is right, or if a cashier must run over his book-keeper's column, he might as well do the work himself as employ another to do it in that way; and it is very certain that the employer will get rid of such an inaccurate workman as soon as he can.

President Tuttle.

A TURNING POINT.

"THE turning point in my life," said a gentleman, "was, when I was a boy, not going to a low circus. Some kind of low show and circus came into town, and of course all the boys were dying to go. My mother did not want me to go. I might have stolen off. I had money enough in my pocket, the boys did all they could to persuade me, and, more than all, people were going in squads to see it. It is so easy to go with the multitude; it is so hard to make a stand, break away, and go the other way."

"That is exactly what I did. I 'mastered the situation.' I mastered myself, and did not go."

"It was the *resolution* then called out, and called out perhaps for the first time, which has, under God, served me many a good turn since, and made me what I am."

For The Dayspring.

LITTLE LUCY'S OPPORTUNITY.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.



It was just at twilight on the last Sunday and the last day of the year. A little girl of twelve years stood by a window in one of the pleasant streets of Boston, watching the passers-by and observing the gas-lights, as one by one they were lighted.

For a long time she was silent, as if her mind was occupied by something beside what was before her. At last she turned, with a shade of thought upon her bright and happy face, to her mother, who was sitting by. "Mother," said she, "this is the last night of the year. I have been thinking of the sermon to-day, and of what our minister said about opportunities of doing good. I did not understand all he said; but I think some of it was plain enough for the little boys and girls. Now, I should like to have an opportunity to do good. I try to be good, and I think I love everybody. But that does not seem to be all the sermon means. Everybody is good to me, and you and father and Willie and Mary love me very much; and I am sure no little girl ever had a happier home than I have. But the minister said we must do something, and the Sunday-school lesson was about the same thing. I am not quite sure I understand what more there is for me to do. Miss Stevens gave me a card with the same text upon it. See, mother, how pretty it is!" and she held up an illuminated card, bearing these words: 'As we have, therefore, opportunity, let us do good unto all.' I want to do good, but I do not find the opportunity."

"Perhaps, my dear, this beautiful card will help you to remember one other thing the minister said: that there was a difference between the opportunity, which was always near us, and the occasion, which came but seldom. You want to be better; you wish to do more. You may not have any occasion to do a great thing; but if you keep on loving and serving all in the little ways to

which you are used, you will find by and by that your opportunity will come before you think of it."

The next morning brought the new year, with its happy greetings and glad wishes. The sun shone brightly, and everybody seemed to begin a new life with the new year. Our little friend Lucy was up betimes; her eyes sparkling and her heart bounding with gladness at the gifts kind friends bestowed. "See, mother!" she exclaimed, unfolding a paper, and holding up a bright half-eagle. "See! wasn't it kind of grandmother? Five dollars! how much it will buy! Now I can have that beautiful little tea-set I have wanted so long. Can I not have it? and will you not go with me to get it?"

"Yes, my dear, I am going out. Get your things, and we will go at once." Lucy flew to get ready, and was soon on the way, full of joy and expectation. The streets were crowded with people with bright and happy faces, and, as it seemed to the little girl, all in search of their New-Year's gifts.

"But, mother, this is not the way," said Lucy, as they turned aside into a narrow street, where the houses were old, and the few people they met seemed to be of the poorer class. "Where are you going, mother?" Her mother did not answer at once; for just then they entered one of the houses, and, going up several flights of stairs, they knocked at a door.

A little girl admitted them, and walking very slowly before them, gave them seats. The room was small and poorly furnished, but every thing about it was very neat. Near the small stove was seated a poor woman, busily engaged in sewing, yet appearing weak as though she had recently been ill.

After the first greeting, Lucy's mother kindly inquired for the health of the invalid, who, after many weeks of illness, was just returning to her work. "And how is little Alice?" said she, as the little girl came slowly towards them. Her pleasant face lighted up with a beautiful smile, for she knew the voice of her friend although she could not see her face, for she was blind from her birth.

"O ma'am," said the poor woman, "we have much to be thankful for. God has raised up good friends for us; but if it had

not been for you and those who have given me employment, and who have cared for me and my poor child while I have been so sick, I do not know what would have become of us. It did not use to be so, you know. While my good husband lived we never wanted. But since he was taken away from us by that dreadful railroad accident, and I have been so sick, it has been very hard for us. I am not strong yet, and my poor Alice can do but little. But she is a great comfort, she is so patient and uncomplaining; and I do not know what I should do without her. I trust God will give me strength again for her sake. The good minister who comes to see us wishes me to place her in the school for the blind, where she may be taught to help herself and me. I shall be glad to do so, but she is all I have, and I do not feel that I can spare her yet. I do not know how we shall get along, for sometimes the future seems dark to me; but I know we shall be cared for, as we have hope and faith; for, as my husband always said, 'All things work together for good to them that love God.'

Lucy lost none of this good woman's conversation, and her feelings were deeply moved by all she saw and heard. She could not help pitying and loving little Alice. She approached her mother as she was about to leave, and, slipping her half-eagle into her hand, said, "O mother! I understand it all now. 'As we have, therefore, opportunity.' Please give it to Alice. I would rather she should have it than have a hundred tea-sets. She cannot see; I want her to learn about all these beautiful things which are before me all the time. Please give the money to her."

And so little Lucy found her opportunity.

For The Dayspring.

THE DAYSPRING.

How cheering 'midst the darkness,
To watching, longing eyes,
The arch of light upspringing
Across the eastern skies!
Soon will the heavens, all glowing
With rose and pearl and gold,
In brighter bright and wondrous
The waking earth unfold.

More glorious still the breaking
Of heaven's diviner day,
To souls in darkness groping
Along the earthly way;
The misty veil then lifteth,
And clear the pathway lies,
Through regions sweetly lighted
By soft and radiant skies.

Ne'er yet, since God commanded
The springing forth of light,
Has morning failed to follow
The darkness of the night;
Ne'er yet, since earth was quickened
By sun's first cheering ray,
Has morning failed to issue
In full and golden day.

So shall the full-orbed splendor,
In the celestial sky,
Succeed that brighter dawning, —
The dayspring from on high;
The gates of pearl shall open,
The Lord, our God, shall shine,
In ever brightening glory,
The light of worlds divine.

For The Dayspring.

SUNDAY TALKS.



UNTLY, if you'd only tell us as much about your visit to the White Mountains as you did about Princeton!"

"Well, pack your carpet-bags, strap your water-proofs and rubbers, and follow Cousin Lucy and me to the cars. We will jump the land travel, because eager to admire Lake Winnepesaukee. Stop a moment to think of the beautiful meaning of its name. For the Indians admired the lake so much that they gave it the name of 'The beautiful water in a high place,' or, as some say, 'The Smile of the Great Spirit.' It is said that three thousand islands dot the lake. I saw so many, and passed them so quickly, that I should have been glad of eyes all over my head, for I wanted to look every way at once, and feared while I was admiring one I was losing another more beautiful. But that was very silly of me, for we learn more by looking calmly at one object, than by trying to grasp all.

"If you children had been there, I hope you would have been more tractable than

the dozen boys and girls on board. Children are apt to forget that they are just as much bound to be obedient in travelling as at home. It grew so cold that Cousin Lucy and I unwillingly went below. There I bumped my head violently twice, showing I could be careless as well as the children. In the cabin, most of the passengers were sitting in gloomy silence. But soon a short and immensely fat man, who looked like a sailor, set them laughing by saying, 'He wished he had all the children there were in the world.' Now I know what Sarah is ready to say."

"Do you, aunt? I don't."

"That he ought to have been the husband of the woman 'who lived in a shoe, and had so many children she didn't know what to do.' Well, having looked at the lake by moonlight, we started the next day in a stage-coach, all to ourselves, drawn by four horses. And a splendid drive we had. How you would have enjoyed sitting with us, when we reached North Conway, looking at the *Intervale!*"

"Were there any children there?"

"Not many. I came across a fat girl" —

"Did she sleep all the time, like Mr. Dickens's fat boy?"

"No; she was as bright as he was stupid; as wide-awake as he was sleepy. At first, I could only wonder at her strangely stout figure; but soon I forgot to wonder at that, and began to study and admire her intelligent face. I scarcely needed to be told how fond she was of reading and studying, or how well she reasoned; it was all written in her bright, yet thoughtful face. But though able to talk with older people, she regretted there being so few children at the Sunset Pavilion (isn't that a pretty name for a hotel?), for she was as simple and childlike in her ways as I wish were all girls of twelve."

"Just my age," cried Louisa. "How did she wear her hair?"

"Cut short, but prettily brushed from her forehead."

"Curls are prettier," said Louisa, carelessly tossing back her own.

"Not for her; they would not have suited her grand face. Her hair was a rich brown, shading towards the painters' favorite auburn, and waved from her brow like the cherub's there on the wall.

"But, among the mountains, big girls, and even big men and women, look small. There one thinks less of human beings, so busy is he 'lifting up his eyes unto the hills.' We wanted to give every moment to looking through the telescope at lady-like Mount Kearsarge, Mount Washington, or Moat Mountain. Your sharp eyes, perhaps, would have discovered a whole menagerie on the side of Moat Mountain. Most persons see only the 'White Horse,' from which the ledge is named, — a white horse, saddled, but dragging a wagon. For a long time Cousin Lucy and I could not see the horse, but fancied we saw other animals, — a buffalo, pig, and dog."

"How could you see more creatures than others?"

"Because I have the gift of seeing, or imagining, figures in clouds, plaster walls, and in pictures of trees. Look at that landscape over the sofa, and tell me what is painted there."

"Trees, — green, red, and yellow. One tree is rooted up, and lying on the ground, just above a slimy pool."

"You have described it very well. That is just what the picture is meant to show. But when I am far enough off, in this direction, the foliage and under-brush bristle into figures."

"Aunt, let us stand where you do!"

"There you are. Now what do you see?"

"Why, only trees."

"So much the better for you. It is a most undesirable gift, this power of making figures. When I was ill that week at Aunt Sally's, the wall-paper in her guest-chamber took such fantastic shapes of little odd men and women flying in the air that I had to shut my eyes to get rid of them."

"How far away we've got, aunt, from the mountains!"

"Yes; that is the way in talking. But much more in thinking. With lightning speed your mind goes from one thing to another; and, sometimes, when your hands are almost equally busy. But the little hands take care of themselves, and hem the towel, or draw the map, while in your mind you are eating beans with Dr. Kane, or plaiting baskets with the Indians. But as your minds ramble quite enough, I want you to form a habit of doing with your might the duty of

each hour. Busy people are the happy people; they are the singing-birds, which make houses so bright. I'll tell you more about the mountains another time."

"Do tell us just a mite more."

"No, dear; there comes Aunt Sally, and she is not fond of hearing about the mountains, for she thinks Cousin Lucy and I are getting too partial to going there. So run and help her up the steps."

E. P. C.

THE LIFE OF LOVE.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

The light of love is peace. Light shines. It is like the smile of God on all things he has made. But light does not make things grow. No light is so bright as that which falls on the snow. So light is not the best part of love, though it is so good for our eyes. Love gives warmth, and warmth gives life to all things that breathe or bloom on the earth. The snow and ice may be as bright with light as our eyes can bear to see, but no trees or flowers can grow in them for lack of warmth.

Now the man, the boy or girl, who has in the heart the love that God breathes on it, will do more than to wear a sweet smile on the face, or to look at you with a kind eye, or speak with a kind voice. All this is but the light of love. But the life of love is a warmth in the heart that makes the flowers and fruits of good-will to man grow all the year round. We say of such a man that he has a warm heart, or a loving heart. We mean that a heart must be both large and warm to have such a world of good thoughts and good acts grow in and out of it. So, though we may not see the heart, we know how much good, warm life is in it by its good will and good thoughts put in kind words and kind acts.

There is no sure way but this by which we can tell how much of the true life of love is in a man. We feel one's pulse at the wrist to find how his heart beats, or how fast his blood runs in his veins. Well, kind words and deeds are a good man's pulse; they tell us how his heart beats with love to God and man. Christ calls such good thoughts, words, and acts, *fruits*, as if they were free and

sweet to the taste of all who find them on their way, at their work, or in their homes. He says: "By their fruits shall ye know them." He does not say we shall know them by their leaves, large and green as they may be, but by their fruits.

We must all think of this; for I fear the world is more than half full of hearts that bear but leaves all their lives long, and no true fruits at all. Some of these leaves, too, have no sweet juice in them, but sting the lips if we taste them. Some of them are hard and dry, and make no shade; the birds will not make nests of them, and the bees turn from them to the flower of a poor briar. A man may be called rich and wise; but if his heart bears leaves and no fruit, his life is poor, and of small worth to the world. How sad that a man should live to old age, and leave nought else but a lot of dead leaves to put on his grave!

Angel of Peace.

WHAT A YOUNG SCHOLAR DID IN SWITZERLAND.

PROFESSOR NAGEL, at a meeting held in London in 1862, related the following interesting fact: He had in his school a little girl, eleven years of age, about whom he had not thought or expected more of than any of the others. She attended for about two years, and was then obliged to go home into the country. There was no Sabbath school in the village. She felt the want deeply, and said to herself, "As there is no school, I must open one." She spoke to the little girls of the village, telling them of the school in Neuchâtel, and asking, "Will you not come to me next Sabbath? and we will pray together, and sing hymns, and read the Bible, as they do in Neuchâtel." They responded to her request, the first time five or six, then ten or twelve, then twenty or more, and then the old girls of the village, went with the little girls, having obtained permission; and at length the dear girl of eleven years old saw around her every Sabbath a school of forty children, from six to fifteen years of age. She read the Bible to them, taught them hymns, and prayed with them. Her mother said she sometimes listened from behind the door, and could never hear her little girl reading and praying without shed-ding tears.

S. S. Messenger.

A LITTLE SERMON.



T a railroad station, not long ago, one of the beautiful lessons which all should learn was taught in such a natural simple way that none could forget it. It was a bleak, snowy day; the train was late, the ladies' room

dark and smoky, and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited, or stupid.

Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with the palsy, came in with a basket of little wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought any thing, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as it reluctant to go out into the bitter storm again. She turned presently, and poked about the room as if trying to find something, and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked in a kind tone, "Have you lost any thing, ma'am?"

"No, dear. I'm looking for the heating place, to have a warm 'fore I go out ag'in. My eyes are poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowhere."

"Here it is;" and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now, ain't that nice?" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thankee, dear; this is proper comfortable, ain't it? I'm 'most froze to-day, bein' lame and aching; and not selling much made me sort of down-hearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said, as respectfully and kindly as if the poor soul had been dressed in silk and fur, "Won't you have a cup of h t tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! Do they give tea at this depot?" cried the old lady in a tone of innocent surprise, that made a smile go round the room, touching the glummiest face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is just

lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "That does warm my heart."

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap, pins, and shoestrings, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and, as I saw a look of interest, sympathy, and kindness come into the faces around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out. It was only a kind word and a friendly act; but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women; and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman, with many thanks, got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their negligence.

There were no gentlemen present to be impressed by the lady's kind act; so it was not done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it, except the thanks of a poor old woman. But that simple little charity was as good as a sermon, and I think each traveller went on her way better for that half-hour in the dreary room.

S. S. Workman.

A NEW WAY OF READING.

A FRENCH woman, whose eyes had been injured in early life so that she could see letters only when they were of the largest size, managed to learn to read. After this she became so blind that she could scarcely know day from night. She then learned with great joy that Bibles were printed in raised letters, so that blind persons might read them by feeling the letters with their fingers. She got a portion of the New Testament printed in this manner. Being a person of skill, and quick to learn, she was able after a short time to read with much ease.

In order to read books in raised letters with facility, it is needful that the ends of

the fingers should be very sensitive. But as this poor woman was obliged to till a piece of land, and perform other kinds of labor for her support, the ends of her fingers became so hard, that it was with difficulty she could make out the letters and words in her Bible. One day the thought came to her, that perhaps the ends of her fingers would be more delicate and sensitive if she removed the skin. She therefore took a penknife and began to peel the skin off. But alas! this process not only gave pain, but made the ends of her fingers sore; and when these sores healed, the skin of her fingers was so thick and hard, that she could not read at all. She was greatly grieved. After trying again and again in vain, she gave up in despair. With her eyes bathed in tears, she raised the Holy Book, saying, with feelings of the deepest sadness, "Farewell, farewell, sweet Word of my heavenly Father, food of my soul, I must part with thee;" then pressing it against her lips to give it her parting kiss, imagine her surprise and delight to perceive that her lips felt the form of the letters, and enabled her to read. To be certain that this was the case, she tried again and again, until she was sure that she had made out "The Gospel according to Mark." Her soul was filled with praise, and her praises went up as sweet incense to God. So pleased was she with her new way of reading, that she spent the whole night in perusing the sacred volume with her lips.

BONNIE CHRISTIE.

Two boys were in a school-room alone together, when some fire-works, contrary to the master's express prohibition, exploded. The one boy denied it; the other, Bonnie Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again, — "Why didn't you deny it?" asked the real delinquent.

"Because there were only we two, and one of us must then have lied," said Bonnie.

"Then why not say I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't, and I would spare the liar."

The boy's heart melted, — Bonnie's moral gallantry subdued him.

When school resumed, the young rogue marched up to the master's desk, and said, "Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar, — I let off the squibs," and burst into tears.

The master's eye glistened on the self-accuser, and the unmerited punishment he had inflicted on his school-mate smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if they two were paired in the confession, master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said aloud with some emotion: "Bonnie — Bonnie, lad — he and I beg your pardon — we are both to blame!"

The school was hushed and still, as older schools are apt to be when any thing true and noble is being done, — so still, they might have heard Bonnie's big-boy tear drop proudly on his copy-book, as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as the rest; and when, for want of something else to say, he gently cried, "Master for ever!" the glorious shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles, which made him wipe them before he resumed his chair!

YES AND NO.

BY ALICE CARY.

My dear little children,
I think I may guess
That you have learned early
The way to say yes.
Now that is a good word,
Kept strictly for use,
But bid as it can be
To lie around loose!
All sorts of disasters
Behind it will press,
So be careful, my little ones,
How you say, Yes!

And there is another word,
That you can spell,
I'll dare say, but maybe
Can't use very well;
It will keep you from debt,
And will keep you from drink,
And will help you to stand
When you're ready to sink.
My lad, have it ready,
Wherever you go,
And, in time of need, speak it
Out manfully, No!

For The Dayspring.

A FAMILY TREASURE.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.



"H. dear me!" said Frank, with such a face and tone that one would have thought him in serious trouble.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning in June; and the little boy sat on the door-step, with the fragrant

prairie-rose twining the latticed porch, and swaying its clustering blossoms in the western breeze, that played with his curly hair. Birds warbled joyously all about him, amid the green foliage; and on beyond the western slope, a blue, silvery river wound its shining way, till hidden in the distance by wooded hills.

Just across the bend was the white village, and in full view, the ivy-mantled church, from whose belfry would soon ring pleasantly on the summer air the call to glad worship of that loving Father who made our earth beautiful and bright,— "made it so beautiful that we might live worthily on it," and find thus the way to that even better home where his children see his face.

"What is the matter, Frank?" asked Mrs. Weldon, as she came up the garden-walk, drawing the baby's carriage. Frank colored slightly, but replied,—

"I don't like learning Bible verses, mother."

Mrs. Weldon sat down beside him, lifting the laughing, crowing little one into her lap, and putting in the tiny, out-reached hand a spray of prairie-roses.

"How many have you learned?" she asked.

"All," Frank replied, "I am just through. Will you hear me say them, mother?"

Frank's lesson was the beatitudes. His mother did not need the book; she knew, and dearly loved, every one of the beautiful verses; and her daily effort was to have their spirit wrought into her life. He repeated them all correctly; and when he came to the last,—

"Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake," she said.—

"That reminds me of a little story which I shall have time to tell you before church.

"You know what persecution means, and something of the old-time martyrs, who endured all manner of suffering and loss, and even laid down their lives, rather than disown their Saviour in word or act. In a time of persecution in France, there was a certain family who had a cricket of which they were strangely careful. But it was not, like most things people keep for 'best,' brought out for company, and put away at other times. On the contrary, it was always kept in some obscure, unnoticed place when company or strangers were likely to come to the house, and in every-day use when the family were alone.

"They used it in a singular way, too; they would lay it in their laps, *upside down*, and bend over it with eager, absorbed attention.

"Why did they value it so highly? Was it an heirloom, of curious pattern or tapestry, handed down from generation to generation, with a story to tell? Was there some family association linked with it, of generous deed, or narrow escape from peril? Was it wrought or covered by dear hands that had since completed their life-work, and been folded on a pulseless breast, beneath the springing grass and daisies?

"None of these. The secret was this: A book was fastened inside, in such a way as to be wholly concealed while the cricket stood upright, and yet every leaf could be turned and read: You know that book could only have been the Bible. It was then forbidden in France; and that family kept and read it at the risk of their property, personal liberty, and even lives.

"After a while, they left their old home, among the vine-clad hills and sunny valleys of France,— beautiful and dear as it was,— and sailed to America, where they could, in freedom and peace, read that loved Bible, worship, and live according to its teachings. That very Bible is now owned by some of their descendants, a family in Western Pennsylvania."

Frank's face grew bright with interest as he listened to this *true story*.

"Think, my boy," his mother said gently, "of the difference between their lot and our

own. Here we sit, in the pleasant sunshine, with beauty, fragrance, and music all around us, — with none to molest or make us afraid, — and read that Book when we will. But my little boy 'don't' like to learn Bible verses."

EVENING WORDS.

"Come stand by my knee, little children,
Too weary for laughter or song:
The sports of the day are all over,
And evening is creeping along,
The snow-fields are white in the moonlight;
The winds of the winter are chill:
But under the sheltering roof-tree
The fire shineth cheery and still.

You sit by the fire, little children;
Your cheeks are ruddy and warm:
But out in the cold of the winter
Is many a shivering form.
There are mothers that wander for shelter,
And babes that are pining for bread:
Oh! thank the great Lord, little children,
From whose tender hand you are fed.

Come look in my eyes, little children,
And tell me, through all the long day
Have you thought of the Father above you,
Who guarded from evil your way?
He heareth the cry of the sparrow,
And careth for great and for small:
In life and in death, little children,
His love is the truest of all.

So go to your rest, little children,
And over your innocent sleep,
Unseen by your vision, the angels
Their watch through the darkness shall keep.
Now pray that the shepherd who guideth
The lambs that he loveth so well,
May lead you in life's rosy morning
Beside the still waters to dwell."

The Well-Spring.

ONE day a gentleman found a little girl busy at the ironing table, smoothing the towels and stockings. "Isn't it hard work for your little arms?" he asked. A look like sunshine came into her face, as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby. "It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said softly.

If you would be polite abroad, cultivate politeness at home.

MAMMA'S KISSES.

A kiss when I wake in the morning,
A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my fingers,
A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,
A kiss when my bath begins,
My mamma is full of kisses —
As full as Nurse is of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,
A kiss when I pull her hair:
She covered me over with kisses
The day I fell from the stair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
A kiss when I give her joy;
There's nothing like mamma's kisses
To her own little baby-boy.

Selected.

THAT FALSE TONE! — A musician employed at one of the London theatres possessed an ebony flute with silver keys. He seldom used it, in consequence of the defectiveness of the upper notes. The musician had as a lodger a tailor, who worked for the theatre. A strong friendship sprang up between the two. One night, when the musician was at the theatre, the flute was stolen, and suspicion fell upon an old woman who used to do housework. Nothing, however, tended to show her guilt, and the matter was at last dismissed and forgotten. In a few months the tailor left the house, and the musician moved to another town, but their friendship lasted. About a year afterward, the musician paid the tailor a visit, and found him in possession of a beautiful bulfinch who could distinctly whistle three tunes. The performance was perfect, with this exception: whenever he came to a certain high note, he invariably skipped it and went on to the next. But little reflection convinced the musician that the note in which the bulfinch was imperfect was the very one which was imperfect on the ebony flute. So convinced was he that he sharply questioned the tailor, who confessed to having stolen the flute, and that all that the bird knew was learned from that same instrument.



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

HARRY goes to school, where he has learned to draw. He loves drawing so well that he makes pictures whenever he can get a chance.

He made so good a picture of his house and garden, that his mother had it framed. It now hangs up in her sitting-room.

Nellie lives in the next house. She had a little kitten, and wanted

its picture. So she got Sammy, her brother, to go with her and ask Harry to draw her kitten for her.

Harry said he would. He fixed Nellie and her kitten, and then sat down and went to work. Sammy watched him, and his eyes grew very big, as he saw something on the paper that kept looking more and more like a kitty.

In a little while the picture was finished and given to Nellie. How delighted she was! It did look just like her kitty. She ran home to show it to her mother, and tell her that Harry did it.

Nellie will see a great many pictures, if she lives; but she will never see one so wonderful as that of her kitty.

TO THE LITTLE ONES.

HERE is the very first number of THE DAYSPRING right in your hands. How do you like it? Have you looked at the picture on the first page? How grand the morning light comes up over the hills! That little boy and girl, with their father, must be very happy indeed. They took an early walk, and now are stopping to see the sun rise.

Do you see the pretty church with its spire pointing up to the sky? That led the good man to

think of Him who said, "I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

So, while they are watching the rosy clouds, and waiting for the dazling sun to come up above the hills, he is telling his little boy and girl about that other light which he hopes will shine in their hearts.

THE DAYSPRING is for all the young, so it cannot neglect you. Every time it comes, you will find something printed in large type. That will be for you, and not for your older brothers and sisters. They can read the other pages.

It will have some pictures for you too. It is going to try hard to make you love it, and it will try to be so handsome and good that your little eyes will shine every time it comes. May it help you to know the truth, and lead loving and happy lives.

LITTLE WILLIE.

WHEN Willie was four years old, he began to go to Sunday school. Never was a little boy happier. He said his verse over and over to his mother before he went, so as to be sure and not make a mistake.

How nice it would be if boys always were so glad to go to Sunday school, and tried so hard to learn their lessons! I hope all the little girls and boys who read this will

love the Sunday school ever so much, even when they are big boys and girls, and like to learn about Jesus, and learn what he tells them of their dear Father in Heaven.

Willie joined the Infant Class. There were twenty-three little boys and girls in it. And what a nice teacher they had! She was so good, and loved them so much! Willie was a little bashful at first, but he soon got over it.

When his teacher asked him if he knew a verse, he stood up just as the others had done, and, though he trembled a little, he said it so that they all could hear him. This is the verse:—

"Jesus loves me; this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to him belong;
They are weak, but he is strong."

A few weeks after this, when Willie had gone to bed and said his "Now I lay me down to sleep," ending with the line, "And this I beg for Jesus' sake," he asked his mother, "What is for Jesus' sake?"

His mother said, "Suppose I should ask papa to do something for your sake, what would I mean?"

"Would it be to do it to please me?"

"Yes; papa loves you, and loves to make you happy; and even things that he likes to do, he likes better to do when he knows you

will be made happy. If I ask papa to do something for me, he loves to do it; but I can see how his face brightens if I say it will please Willie, too."

"Yes, mamma."

"Now God loves you, and loves to do you good. He loves Jesus dearly, because Jesus is so like him, and loves as he does; because Jesus spent his life in trying to make everybody know about him, and was crucified that he might draw people to him and save them from doing wrong and being unhappy. Jesus loves you now just as he loved the little children when he was on the earth, and loves to have the Heavenly Father bless you; and the Heavenly Father loves to bless you, and loves to bless you, too, for dear Jesus' sake."

Willie is older now, and skates and coasts, and studies hard. He can read the Bible very well indeed. I am glad to say he still loves to talk about God and Jesus, and still says every night the same prayer, and loves to say "for Jesus' sake."

My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth.—1 JOHN iii. 18.

No sinful word, or deed of wrong,
No thoughts that idly rove;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

THE HONEST IRISH BOY.

THERE was a lad in Ireland who was put to work at a linen factory, and while he was at work there a piece of cloth was wont to be sent out which was short of the quantity it ought to be; but the master thought it might be made the length by a little stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself, and the boy at the other. He then said, "Pull, Adam, pull." "I can't, sir." "Why?" "Because it is wrong, sir," said Adam, and he refused to pull. Upon this the master said he would not do for a linen manufacturer, and sent him home. But that boy became the learned Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke.

THE TWO CROWNS.

A FRENCH officer, who was prisoner on his parole, met with a Bible. He read, and was so struck with its contents that he was convinced as to the truth of Christianity, and resolved to become a Protestant. When his gay associates rallied him for taking so serious a turn, he said, in vindication, "I have done no more than my old schoolfellow, Bernadotte, who has become a Lutheran." "Yes, but he became so," said his associates, "to obtain a crown." "My object," said the Christian officer, "is the same. We only differ as to the place. The object of Bernadotte is to obtain one, if possible, in Sweden; mine, to obtain one in heaven."

KEEPING TO ONE THING.

WE earnestly entreat every young man, after he has chosen his vocation, to stick to it. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck, or disagreeable work performed. Those who have worked their way up to wealth and usefulness do not belong to the shiftless and unstable class, but may be reckoned among such as took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, conquered their prejudices against labor, and manfully bore the heat and burden of the day. Whether upon the old farm, where our fathers toiled diligently, striving to bring the soil to produc-

tiveness; in the machine-shop or factory; or the thousand other business places that invite honest toil and skill, let the motto ever be, Perseverance and industry. Stick to one thing, boys, and you will have success.

The Young Folks' Rural.

"DAY UNTO DAY."

THE Unitarian Association has published a beautiful little book of 366 pages, with this title. It contains texts of Scripture, and other good words, for every day in the year. It will be just as helpful to the young as delightful to the old. Here are the selections for the first day of the year:—

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His face to shine upon thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.—NUMB. vi. 24, 25, 26.

"Welcome we the New Year's greeting,
Joyous all our songs shall be;
For our years, though swiftly fleeting,
Lead us nearer, Lord, to thee."

Let your good wishes turn into acts: let no hard thing be done even towards an enemy; and let those around you be the happier because you are in the midst of them.—EPHRAIM PEABODY.

Now they began on the first day of the first month to sanctify.—2 CHRON. xxix. 17.

We cannot tell what shall be on the morrow; but we can choose what we ourselves will be. We can resolve to live faithfully, whatever betides. We can walk with the bright angels, and wrestle with the dark ones, and oblige the flying hours to leave a blessing behind.—N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

And all these blessings shall come on thee, and overtake thee, if thou shalt hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God.—DEUT. xxviii. 2.

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